

WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, THE MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

VOL. 2.—NO. 28.

GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND LIBERTY.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1846.

TERMS: \$2 50 in advance.

WHOLE NO. 80.

WILMINGTON JOURNAL:
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY
PRICE & FULTON, PROPRIETORS.

TERMS

Two Dollars and fifty cents if paid in advance,
\$3 00 at the end of three months.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the option of the publishers. No
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Five new subscribers, to one address, \$11 00
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Twenty, do. do. do. 38 00
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accompanies it.

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DAVID FULTON,
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MRS. PRICE would inform the ladies of Wil-
mington and its vicinity, that she will ex-
ecute work in the above line, on reasonable terms.
Residence over the JOURNAL OFFICE,
November 7, 1845.

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

GILLESPE & ROBESON
Continue the AGENCY business, and will make
liberal advances on consignments of
Lumber, Naval Stores, &c. &c.
Wilmington, August 1st, 1845.
The Observer and the North Carolinian, Fay-
etteville, will copy six months and forward accounts
to this office.

John S. Richards,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AND
GENERAL AGENT,
Wilmington, N. C.

Respectfully refers to
Messrs. J. & B. Anderson, Wilmington, N. C.
R. W. Brown, Esq.,
Messrs. Woolsey & Woolsey,
Richards, Bassett & Aborn, New York.
A. Richards, Esq.,
June 27, 1845. 41-1f

EDWARD HEALY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
Hall & Armstrong's Wharf,
Wilmington, N. C.
June 13, 1845. 39-1f

CORNELIUS MYERS,
Manufacturer & Dealer in
HATS AND CAPS,
Wholesale and Retail,
MARKET STREET—Wilmington, N. C.

GEORGE W. DAVIS,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANT,
LONDON'S WHARF, WILMINGTON, N. C.

ROBT. G. BARKIN,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Liberal advances made on shipments to his friends
in New York.
September 21, 1844. 1-1f

JOHN HALL,
Commission Merchant,
One door So. of Brown & DeRosset's, Water-st.
WILMINGTON, N. C.

WILLIAM COOKE,
GENERAL AGENT

COMMISSION MERCHANT.
In the Store next North of the new Custom
House.
WILMINGTON, N. C.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.
The "ATNA INSURANCE COM-
PANY," of Hartford, Conn. and the "HOW-
ARD INSURANCE COMPANY," of New
York, long established and approved Compa-
nies, BROWN & DEROSSET, Agents,
July 11, 1845. 43-1f

BLANK CHECKS—A neat article, for
sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

BLANK WARRANTS—for sale at the
JOURNAL OFFICE.

Rum and Whiskey.
Basis N. E. Rum,
20 do N. O. Whiskey,
Daily expected and for sale by
BARRY & BRYANT.

Garden Seeds.
Fresh and full assortment, growth of
1845. Just received by
WM. SHAW.

THE VENTRILOQUIST'S STORY.

Signor Von Blitz was an humorous gen-
tleman, who had the power of ventri-
loquism. Travelling in the Southern coun-
try, he meets a slave and asks him some-
thing about the hotel, then in sight, kept
by Mr. Lemond. Quash, (the slave,) is
singing.

"Long time ago,"
when the traveller accosts him, and after
a question or two, thus inquires:

"Well, Quash, what kind of a person is
Mr. Lemond?"

"Oh, he nice man—monsus nice man;
empertain gemplemen in fust style, and I
take care uv de horses. I 'blongs to him,
and though I say it, massa Billy mighty
clebber man. He funny man, too, tell a
heap o' stories 'bout ghouse and spirits, not-
withstanding he fraid on 'em he self, too
my opinion."

"Afraid of ghosts, eh," said the traveller
musing. "Well, go a-head, Quash—as it
is getting late, I will stop with Mr. Le-
mond to-night."

"Yes, sah; gee up hoe-cobbin' go
along, lively!" and setting off at a brisk
trot, he was followed by the traveller the
musical Quash again broke out in,

"Gwine down to shibone alley."

"The burden of 'Long time ago,' was
taken up by one apparently in an adjoin-
ing cornfield, which occasioned Quash to
pluck up his ears with some surprise; how-
ever he continued with

"Long time ago,"
And the same voice resounded again
from the field.

"Who dat?" said the astonished negro,
suddenly checking his horses and looking
round on every side for the cause of his
surprise.

"Oh never mind; drive ahead snowball,
its some of your master's spirits I suppose."

Quash, in a very thoughtful mood, led
the way to the tavern without another word.
Halting before the door, the stranger was
soon waited on by the obliging Mr. Lemond,
a bustling talkative gentleman who greet-
ed his customers with—"Light, sir, light,
here John! Quash! never mind your um-
brella, sir—here, Quash, take off that trunk
—walk in, sir, John take off that chair
—come sir, and carry his horse to the
stable—do you prefer him to stand on a
dirt floor sir?"

"If you please sir. He is rather particu-
lar about his lodgings."

"Carry him to the lower stable, Quash,
and attend to him well, I always like to
see a horse well tended, and this noble
critter too," continued the landlord clapping
him on the back.

"Take care, will you?" said the horse.
"What the deuce?" said the landlord,
starting back.

"None of your familiarity!" said the
horse, looking around at the astonished
tavern keeper.

"Silence, Belzebub," said the traveller
caressing the animal; and turning to the
landlord observed "you must excuse him,
sir; he is rather an aristocratic horse, the
effect of education sir."

"He's a witch sir."

"No hon Belzebub! loose those traces,
Quash. What are you staring at? He'll
not eat you."

"Come, landlord," said Belzebub, "I
want my oats."

Quash scattered—the landlord backed
up into the porch—and the traveller was
fain to jump into his vehicle and drive
round in search of the stable himself.
Having succeeded to his satisfaction in
disposing of his horse, he returned to the
tavern.

Anon, supper came on. The eggs had
apparently chickens in them—the land-
lord, confused at such a mortifying cir-
cumstance, promised the traveller amends
from a cold pig, which as he inserted the
carving knife into it, uttered a piercing squeal,
which was responded to by a louder one
from the landlady. Down went the knife
and fork—and the perspiration began to
grow in large drops upon the forehead of
the host, as he looked fearfully at the grun-
ter; his attention was taken, however, by
a voice from without, calling out:

"Hillo, house! landlord!"

"Aye, coming gentlemen—more travel-
lers—do help yourself, sir."

"Coming, gentlemen; here John, a light,
bring a light to the door, Sally, wait on
the gentlemen,"—and out the landlord boun-
ced, followed by John with lights, but soon
returned with looks of disappointment—he
declared there was no living being without.
The voice called again—and the landlord,
after giving, returned the second time, de-
claring his belief that the whole plantation
was haunted that night by evil spirits.

That night, rumor sayeth, Mr. Billy
Lemond slept with the bible under his
head, and kept a candle burning in his
room till morning, and those who pass there
to this day, upon close examination discover
the heels of horse shoes peeping over
the door casement, as a bulwark against
wches, hobgoblins and other evil spirits.

Loss of Steamers.—Twenty-five steam-boats
have been lost in the Mississippi and Ohio
rivers since the first of September last.

ENGLISH LIFE—CHAMPION FIGHT.

"Come," said my friend after breakfast,
"you must not let the horror of the morn-
ing's adventure frighten you from seeing
the wake; you have hardly yet seen the
commencement; we have more 'manly
sports' for you to look upon. Come, now,
and see the great 'champion fight.'"

There is among the small towns of Eng-
land an eternal spirit of rivalry in existence,
and the anniversary of the wakes is the
time fixed upon for deciding the superiori-
ty and prowess among the champions.—
From the time most remote in the recollec-
tion of the 'oldest inhabitant,' had the
neighboring town of Darlaston elected a
man, once a year, to uphold its pugilistic
precedence over Wednesbury. The man
now chosen was a bullheaded fellow,
named John Butler. The Wednesbury
champion was a man of the same stamp,
called 'Ostler.' The place appointed for
the combat was a deep hollow, made by
an excavation for sand, and surrounded by
hills. Twenty pounds aside were wagered
by the 'backers' of the pugilists, and a
little before twelve o'clock hundreds of
people were moving towards the ring.

On arriving there we found about two
thousand men, clad in velvet jackets, or
rough flannel coats, armed with heavy blud-
geons, and seeming fearfully ill-tempered.
A sullen, dogged silence pervaded the
dark mass, as if each party knew the in-
flammable nature of the other, and was un-
willing to provoke an outbreak; and so
spoil the sports of the day. In the centre
of the hollow a 'ring' was formed, by
snakes driven into the ground, and ropes
attached to their tops. A set of truculent
fellows with clubs were keeping guard
over its precincts, and circles of men were
seated upon the ground, at a little distance
from it. There were flash-dressed men on
horseback, and 'butty' clothed on pit hor-
ses, offering and taking bets on the event
of the fight; all was anxious expectation.

The ring was within a stone's throw of
the church yard walls, and as the clock
struck 12, six men leaped into it, and a hat
was thrown up as a token of defiance by
the foremost party—which was answered
by a similar process by their opponents.
The two combatants peeled, the bottle-hol-
ders threw off their coats, and produced
bottles containing gin and brandy; pails
of water and sponges were forthcoming al-
so.

The 'seconds' took off their coats, and
kneeling upon one knee, made seats of the
other for their men, on which the princi-
ples placed themselves, while a man who
held a stop watch in his hand, tied their
colors to the stakes; after this was done,
he called 'time,' and the two men walked
to the centre of the ring, and shook hands,
smiling upon each other very good humored-
ly. They then commenced sparring,
and dodging, and hitting, and parrying for
five minutes, until one struck the other a
slight blow, when the man who was struck
sunk upon his knee, and they both retired
to their seconds. In half a minute 'time'
was again called, and they went to work
in earnest, rushing and striking furiously,
until the Wednesbury hero knocked his
opponent down, when his friends raised
a loud shout, and claimed in his favor
'first drawn blood,' and the 'first knock
down.'

So it continued for about an hour; the
same man was knocked down every time,
and still came up battered and bloody,
smiling like an idiot, and shaking his
arms and his head, and assuring his friends
that he would come round bye-and-bye.
The fact was afterwards proved that some
villains had administered large doses of
laudanum in brandy to the poor wretch.
The excitement became intense—the men
who were seated had risen up—a thousand
bludgeons were brandished in the air, and
a storm of oaths and horrid imprecations
were poured from all sides on the unfor-
tunate man, by his friends who had betted
on his success. In the midst of all, he still
exhibited the same senseless grin, as he
was dragged up every half-minute. 'I shall
be better just now—it will come right bye-
and-bye.'

The man now could not stand; his head
drooped upon his shoulder—his pale coun-
tenance was streaked with blood, and he
had all the appearance of a bruised and
battered corpse.

"The man can fight no longer," said a
spectator on horseback, who was knocked
down from his horse the next moment.—
'He is selling us,' roared a hundred voices.
'He is fighting a cross,' shouted
others. 'Bring him up—curse him! he'll
come round bye-and-bye,' cried another
set. 'Time,' said the man with the watch,
and the man's two friends almost carried
him to the 'scratch.' His opponent for
very shame would not strike him, but giv-
ing him a slight push on the body, suffer-
ed him to fall. His second dragged him
up and placed him on his knee, sponging
his face and giving him brandy.

At this moment a woman burst into the
ring, her eyes sparkling and her limbs
trembling with excitement—it was the
man's wife. He was evidently half dead

—being literally beaten to death. She
rushed to him, and shook him violently,
as she screamed—'Jim, if thee doesn't lick
him, never come hum to me no more—ai-
thor lick him, or die like a man! I'll never
own a man that was beat by such a var-
mint.' The poor fellow roused himself
for a moment, and vainly tried to smile—
then extending his hand, he said—'all
right old wench.' 'Why, he's drunk!' cried
the woman—'There's some devil's
play in this!'—She then advanced to the
winning man, and saying, 'curse thee! take
that!' threw a handful of snuff in his
eyes. 'Time' shouted the man again, and
the stupefied wretch was once more sup-
ported to his place—he had roused every
energy for a last effort, and feebly raised
his arms.

His opponent was blinded with the snuff,
and maddened with the pain it caused; he
too summoned all his remaining strength,
and appeared determined to put an end to
the affair. He struck the staggering
wretch a terrific blow upon the jugular
vein. The man's arms flew up—his eyes
turned to heaven with an awful expression
—streams of blood gushed from his mouth
and eyes, his ears and nostrils, and he fell
like a corpse.

A tremendous uproar ensued—the par-
tizans of each combatant began to cluster
together and bandy fierce curses with each
other. 'The half-minute was up. 'Time,'
again called the man; and the conqueror
once more walked up to the 'scratch.'—
'The seconds of the beaten man were bend-
ing over him as he lay prostrate on the
ground—his body was rigid, and their at-
tempts to raise him were ineffectual. 'I
declare Jack Ostler to be the winner,' said
the umpire—and a terrible shout of tri-
umph rent the air.

The winner of the fight advanced, ac-
cording to custom, to proffer his hand to
his opponent, when a piercing shriek from
the woman ran high above the raging tum-
ult. 'He's dead!' she cried, 'and I killed
him.' The seconds, the bottle-holders,
and all persons connected with the combat,
were instantly invisible, escaping before
the officers of justice got the alarm.

The loud shouting of the spectators ceased,
and the words, 'He's dead!' ran mut-
tering through the ranks of the awe-struck
rabble. And there lay their victim! a
ghastly corpse, stiffening in gore in the
midst of swarming life; deserted by all—
glaring hideous in the face of day. None
dared approach him, lest the officers who
were momentarily expected, should arrest
them, as accessories to manslaughter.—
There was a disgusting woman wailing
like a fury beside the mangled carcass, and
all besides were moving onward, attempt-
ing to lull their consciences by assuring
each other that it was a 'fair stand-up fight'
—'the fortune of war'—'he was true game'
—'a full-blooded chicken,' and other such
words of comfort. My companion was
pale with horror, and we walked silently
away, resolved not to view any more 'man-
ly sports.'—*Cor. Com. Ad.*

JUSTICE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE SPRIGGINS
—With some Account of his First
Court.—Under the late election of Florida,
which confers on the Sovereign People
the right of electing their own magistrates,
an individual who gloried in the name of
Napoleon Bonaparte Spriggins was declar-
ed to be duly elected Justice of the Peace
for the 47th District, Cocon county, Fla.

So soon as Justice Napoleon Bonaparte
Spriggins had obtained his commission,
he determined honestly and rigidly to per-
form all the duties of the office, and enjoy
the dignities, emoluments, and perquisites
thereof. He hung up a pine board at the
side of his door, on which was scrawled
in chalk, the following words, to wit:
napoleon bonaparte spriggins, ESQUIRE,
gus tis of the p.e.d.s.

Then he appointed his own constable, and
called a Court.

He received from his predecessor, cer-
tain documents, folded in legal form, on
which legal action had commenced, and
which under the law, our new justice was
called on to perfect.

The court house was a certain groggery,
grocery, or confectionary, as the case may
be, at The Cross Roads, of which Justice
Napoleon Bonaparte Spriggins was the
owner and occupant.

"Mr. Constable," said the Justice, tak-
ing his seat beside a large box, which
was turned up to answer the purposes of a
table, and assuming a dignity becoming
his station. "Mr. Constable," said he,
'this case is now set, and ready for
business, let any one who wants justice
the lor, cum in. You Dave Scute! let
alone that ere whiskey barrel—we're not
now a 'lectioneering!—this ere is a Court,
and we'll have no drinking in Court, ex-
cept as to those who pay down.'

"The first case Mr. Constable, 's Roach
varsus Snell. Call John Roach."

John Roach—John Roach—come in-
to court! bawled the constable. Don't
answer, please you honor."

"Don't answer! bring a sute into this
e court, and ——— don't answer! I
fine him a dollar, Mr. Constable, for

contempt—such is the lor.'

'Call Snell.'
'Simon Snell—Simon Snell—come in-
to court. Don't answer, please your wor-
ship.'

'Gone to Texas,' cried some of the by-
standers.

'Gone to Texas, in contempt of this ere
court! I order him to be taken to jail forth-
with, Mr. Constable. Such is the lor.'

'The State varsus Teddy O'Reilly, Mr.
Constable?'

'In the shavens before the door, your
honor—he's ollers on hand.'

'Then call the State.'

'Well, I reckon as how it'll trouble you
a leetle,' said a bystander, to bring the
State into these here diggings!'

All the same, Mr. Constable, the par-
ties must be called! 'That's the lor.'

'The State varsus Teddy O'Reilly, Mr.
Constable?'

'Well, this is a serious matter, Mr.
Constable.' Charged with an oath,
mumbled the dignity, casting his eye over
the warrant, 'John Smith's affray, riotous
conduct, big-a-my—Who in thunder is
Big Amy, Mr. Constable?'

'Can't say, your honor.'

'Call her into court.'

'Big Amy, Big Amy! come into court!'
Don't answer. But here's Teddy O'Reil-
ly.'

Here Teddy O'Reilly, a little chuffy,
red faced man, approached the dignity
at the box.

'Well, Teddy,' demanded the justice,
with an awful frown, what is this affair be-
tween you and Big Amy?'

'Devil of a bit, your worship's honor!'
as the good woman who owns can testi-
fy, your honor.'

'So then, there is a woman in the affair!
and where is she, Mr. Teddy O'Reilly?'

'The Lord knows, your worship's hon-
or, unless she be in the dear city of Cork,
where I left her some nine years last
Michaelmas, with the children, the little
O'Reillys.'

'But Big Amy, with whom it seems
you had a spree the other day—where's
she?'

'All flam, your worship, of that spal-
peen, John Smith. If I could only get
hold of him, with a drop of the shilalah,
saving your honor's reverence, I'd teach
him to take away an honest man's charac-
ter. May the devil burn him!'

'Where's John Smith, Mr. Constable?'

'Which one, your honor?'

'Why, the one that can tell all about
this affair with Big Amy.'

'Can't find any such one; nobody
knows nothin' about her.'

'This is a very mysterious affair!—
Teddy O'Reilly, we shall have to send
you to jail.'

'Devil a bit, saving your worship's re-
verence, unless they keep good whiskey
there.'

Some one observed that the prisoner
could give security for his appearance.

'Yes, that is the lor,' said the justice.
'And now, Teddy O'Reilly, we order that
you give a bond to keep the peace for the
next year against everybody, and Big Amy
in particular, wherever she is.'

'And now, Mr. Constable, you may
proklame that the court is riz!'

'Gentlemen, we're gettin' dry, let's
licker. The people have made a Justice,
and I'm determined to give 'em the lor.'

'I rather reckon, Squire, it was the
whiskey that made you a Justice, and that
you may be considered a rum Justice,' said
a lean looking bystander.—*Star of Florida.*

BROILED MACKEREL.

The following good story about a mem-
ber of Congress from Ohio and his daily
dinner, we cut from the N. York Mirror.

The venerable Gen. H—— was for
several consecutive years returned to Con-
gress, and as the hotels and boarding houses
at Washington city in those days were
all pretty much on a par, or rather below
par, the members were in the habit of oc-
cupying year after year, the same rooms.
The table of Gen. H's boarding house
(which was kept by a widow lady who had
two daughters) was regularly furnished
with stereotyped dinners, and at one end
of the breakfast table there always appear-
ed a broiled mackerel. Gen. H, whose
seat was near the fish, had gazed so fre-
quently upon it, (for it was never touched
except by the cook) that he knew it all by
heart.

Now, if the distinguished Representa-
tive had any one peculiar virtue, it was an
affectionate desire to make every person
and every creature around him happy.

Well, in the course of time, Congress
adjourned, and Gen. H. paid his bill to the
widow and got ready to start for home.—
The stage stood at the door, and the old
gentleman showed the goodness of his
heart. He took the widow by the hand
and pressing it bade her farewell, then kis-
sing the daughters, said he would like to
see them in Ohio and furnish them with
good husbands, &c. but even this was not
all. The black boys who stood upon the

walk, were not forgotten, and grinned as
he handed each a silver dollar, and as he
passed around the breakfast table, which
was not yet 'cleared off,' he saw his old
friend the mackerel. The tears came into
his eyes; and raising it by the tail with
his thumb and finger, parted with it, say-
ing, 'Well, good bye, my old boy, good
bye! you and I have served a long cam-
paign together; but (wiping his eyes) I
suppose we shall meet again next winter
—good bye!' The old gentleman rapidly
left the house, and jumping into the stage,
rattled off, and fortunately for his own ears,
the widow never saw him again.

SINGULAR SEA FIGHT.

On board the Peacock they witnessed a
sea fight between a whale and one of its
many enemies. The sea was quite smooth,
and offered the best possible view of the
whole combat. First, at a distance from
the ship, a whale was seen floundering in
a most extraordinary way, lashing the
smooth sea into a most perfect foam, and
endeavoring apparently to extricate him-
self from some annoyance. As he ap-
proached the ship, the struggling contin-
uing and becoming more violent, it was per-
ceived that a fish, apparently about twenty
feet long, held him by the jaw, his con-
tortions, spoutings, and throes all betoken-
ing the agony of the huge monster.

The whale now threw himself at full
length from the water, with open mouth,
his pursuer still hanging to the jaw, the
blood issuing from the wound, and dying
the sea to a distance around; but all his
floundering were of no avail; his pertinacious
enemy still maintained his hold, and was
evidently getting the advantage of
him. Much alarm seemed to be felt by
the many other whales around. These
'killers,' as they are called, are of a brown-
ish color on the belly, with a long dorsal
fin. Such was the turbulence with which
they passed, that a good view could not be
had of them to make out more nearly the
description. These fish attack a whale in
the same way as dogs bait a bull, and worry
him to death. They are armed with
strong sharp teeth, and generally seize the
whale by the lower jaw, as in this instance.

A new John Gilpin.—The Lebanon
Star tells a good railroad anecdote. The
other day, when the cars stopped, on the
way to Xenia, for a moment, a countryman
mounted the locomotive to see what he
could learn. In the progress of his inves-
tigations he took hold of a crank and giv-
ing it a turn, with the speed of the wind,
off sprang the locomotive, detached from
the car, while all that could be heard from
the unlucky wight was—'stop her! stop
the darn'd thing! But regardless of his
cries, on it went, whizzing and snorting,
and was only arrested in its progress, at
the distance of seven miles, by running off
the track. No harm was done—the only
inconvenience being the necessary labor
and detention of getting back the truant lo-
comotive, and the awful fright to its John
Gilpin rider.

'What'll you take, sir?' said a waiter
yesterday in Rose's Restaurant to a gentle-
man who went in for his midday meal—a
gentleman, be it known, who is inveterately
opposed to joint occupancy, and goes for
the whole of Oregon or none.—'What'll
you take, sir?' the waiter asked again,
for he noticed that his customer was ab-
sorbed in other reflections than those of
'steak rare,' or 'stewed tater and
chops.' 'Got anything at all to please you,
sir,' he added, in an accommodating tone.
'Perhaps you have,' said the advocate
of 'all Oregon' policy; 'but I don't care
what other people take, I shall not be sat-
isfied with less than 54, 40.'

'Ah! beg pardon, sir,' said the obli-
ving waiter, 'but there ain't none of that
in the market!—N. O. Delta.'

A CAPITAL "GOOSE" STORY.

A correspondent of the New York Spirit of the
Times, tells the following—which is very good:—
'A way down in the "smart village" of Chica-
go there vegetates a certain hotel